BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

THE EPIDEMIC OF INCAPACITY-PLUMBERS, TAILORS, SHIRTMAKERS AND SHORMAKERS-THAT PERFECT AND EMBODIED DISAPPOINTMENT, THE LAUN-DRESS-HER MISERIES WHICH ARE MOSTLY MENDACITIES-A DULCET DREAM OF MRS. PHOENIX.

There is a droll story of Dean Swift, and of what he did when his shoemaker was tardy in bringing home his shoes, pleading in extenuation of the delay that "he had forgotten them." The Dean invited him to take a turn in the garden, left him upon plea of a sudden call, locked the gate, and kept the poor cordwainer close prisoner for four or five hours. Then Dr. Jonathan came back in a bustle, and loudly declared that he had quite forgotten the impatient artisan. I suppose that there is hardly any body in New-York who, having taken his shoes to be repaired, has found them always ready for him at the appointed day and hour. Something has inevitably happened to prevent the completion of the job. Somebody has been sick. The journeyman who was relied upon with touching confidence has got drunk. The promise was for Saturday and not Friday. Only come on Saturday and all will be beautiful. You accept these excuses as serenely as possible, and go out upon the sidewalk to growl. You do not give the sheemaker a piece, and a pretty hot one, of your mind, because, if aggravated, he might decline to do the work at all; and where would you be then? Besides one shoe is done, and its fellow is not. You submit with lamb-like resignation, for who can present himself to his fellow creatures with one shoe off and the other shoe on ! In fact, it is quite astonishing how resigned we become to disappointment and botheration and annoyance. If the tailor is behindhand, we take his delinquency as a matter of We bow with positive humility to plumbers, and though the water may be running with a copionsness which it is impossible to check, or not running at all, which is worse, we let him take his time because we can do no better. We are asked out, and have ordered new and fashionable raiment to go out in; but it doesn't come home at the time appointed, and we join the festive throng in a condition of mortifying shabbiness, having been taken to the scene of enjoyment in a cab which came late by a cabman who cheats us in the fare. When is the howl of the housekeeper not heard in the land? When does the cook roast, boil, fry, and broil God's good gifts into edibility When does the maid sweep as she should sweep ? When is the postman prompt, and careful enough to bring you your own letters and not the letters which belong to your neighbors? When can you with profound complacency feel that all things are not at sixes and sevens, and even at twelves and fourteens? Punctuality is a lost virtue. Fidelity has fled from the earth. Doing things, if we may use the expression, is done for; disappointment rages rampa tly or weeps profusely in all terrestrial regions, and all human affairs are in a muddle of hopeless procrastination. It may have struck the gentle (or ungentle

reader that there is exhibited in this article a tendency to growl. But the impatience thus far betrayed is as nothing to that which will actually sizzle and hiss up and down the column now that we have come to laundresses. I have a tenderness for the sex, but I have never been able to understand why it is called the weaker. As a rule, it scems to me that without disagreeable resort to physical violence, it has pretty much its own wayespecially that portion of it which devotes its genius and industry to washing. In the matter of not coming at the appointed time for the clothes, and in the other matter of not bringing them home when promised, it is the best possible exemplar of Dr. Young's sagacious remark, that " we take no note of time." The genus laundress has infinite varieties. There are those who bring home the wash late, but, alas! there are others who do not bring it home at all. Some are specially aggravating in respect of buttons; others seem possessed by an insane desire to reduce your whole wardrobe to fragments; this one is apparently ignorant of the stiffening qualities of staren; the other knows it so well that she returns everything in a sheet-iron state. All agree, however, in general incapacity to deliver things in pairs The divorce between cufls and stockings is perpetual. The grammatical equeation of the laundress has been neglected-she knows nothing of nouns of multitude. She cannot see the absurdity, the frightful incoherence, so to speak, of one storking-the eternal unfitness of having one foot unclothed. Clearly she should wash about on one leg, or for one armed men needing only one cuff. The hand-organ grinders of the military veteran sort are the pations for her.

And yet is she not generous in her way, and with a sense of equity under her broad bosom? If she does not always bring back your own property, with what a noble disinterestedness does she bring you the property of other people! Man as I am, and without any pretence of being above the usual emotions, how can I express the agitation which has filled my soul, at discovering divers feminine garments carefully packed in my own bundle ornamental habilaments belaced and embroidered -luxurious skirts which I don't wear, and should not know how to put on, marked "Helen" or "Mary," or with some other name soft and winning! Was there a bit of Greek destiny in it ! Did the Fates take this method of bringing two hearts to beat as one ? Twas much nicer than the reception which has happened to me of Smith's handkerchiefs or Jones's collars, these below usually in the tertiary stage of wearing, th former with many holes in them and the latter fearfully frayed and always two sizes too small for me. I had no wish to be let into the economical secrets of Jones's wardrobe-what to me was the condition of Smith's underwear, fearful as I some times found it to be? There are things which should be hushed up in one's own house. So Jones and Smith doubtless thought, for a day or two after, the laundress would appear evidently in a condition of having been sworn at freely, and would reclaim the alien toggery, and pathetically tell you that the conglomeration was occasioned her own illness, or by the death of her mother-in-law or by the rainy weather. There was always a reason why "this" should be "thus"-an explanation of the "this-thusness" which would have satisfied Artemus Ward. I hope that the excuse satisfied Smith and Jones-I am sure that it never did me. Mortality and misery of all sorts appear to b

normal in the home of the laundress. I do not re member ever to have had one without a sick child, or a husband greatly given to beer, or a landlard of the oppressive and ejecting variety. Sometime the phenomenon of rain in the vicinity of the laun dress's home has been reported when in every other part of the city it has been unusually bright and drying weather. Sometimes the poor woman has been beaten sable and cerulean by the bacchana lian husband aforesaid, and made quite incapable of bringing home the things which were all ready report, peculiarly melancholy, occurs to me: a brute of a husband had actually flung a pail of water over the whole " wash," which was finished and ready to be brought home; and hence the delay. I could have shed the saltest of tears over this pathetic narrative, only I did not believe one word of it. I felt that a laundress with such power of invention and of imagination ought to b in the literary line instead of the clothes-line of business, and I discharged her on the spot, in order that she might be free to make overtures to the editors of the sensational newspapers. Once I had the greatest fight of all. Days went by; weeks went by; and my laundress, who had a considerable portion of my personal property in her possession made no appearance with the same. I said to myself: "My dear fellow, what are you coming to!" thought of Adam before the fall. I thought of Mr. Alfred Jingle, with his coat tightly buttoned to the chin to conceal from the eyes of Mr. Pickwick and friends a deplorable lack of linen. I thought of buying one of the enamelled tin collars, with an assortment of paper bosoms and wristbands. It must be evident to the reader that my self-respect was tottering to a fatal fall; and what might have happened I do not know, if I had not bethought

of sending an agent of sharp detective qualities

in quest of my gear. He returned with it in a moist state as he had taken it from the water, after breaking into the premises, which he found padlocked, and he brought back in his enthusiasm quite a quantity of things belonging to other people. Then the confusion became somewhat more confounded: but time sets all even, and I have since had a great variety of washerwomen, including ome who could not read my name inscribed in indelible ink; some who could not comprehend the exact number constituting a dozen; with one who was altogether too genteel fer my use, and came to me, I believe, in a cab. I have resorted to advertisements, and advertisements I have answered. I have explored the faundries of John Chinaman, supposing that he might wash beautifully according to the morals of Confucius; I have communicated by mail with a laundress rubbing and scrubbing and wringing and starching in some remote part of Staten Island. Nothing has come of it all except vexation and disappointment, not very agreeably complicated with feeble attempts at swindling. I get " things done " after a fashion, but am still in search of a laundress who does business upon strict Christian principles. When 1 find her 1 shall call her Mrs. Phoenix. O'Buen or O'This or O'That she man be to others, but Phoenix she shall be upon our premises, and nothing less complimentary.

Ever since I can remember, there has been a grean, deep and tragic, about service. Nobody seems competent to do anything for anybody else properly, no matter what the work or how liberal the remuneration. There is a lack of willingness, of handiness, of punctuality, of conscientiousness, The curse of shoddy is over all. Trade has its tricks; artisans do their work badly; there is an everlasting succession of false prefences. No wonder that Carlyle scolds; no wonder that Ruskin rages wrathfully! There are certain qualities so precious that money seems to be inadequate to secure them. But when those who should set an example set a better one, we may greet the ideal laundress - active, skiltul, honest, with less loquacity and greater promptness, my Mrs. Phonix above mildly hinted at; and very happy I shall be to see her. I do not dare to think how rich she will get to be: I fancy bachelors particular about buttons indulging in an honorable passion for her; and though she will probably be as broad as she is long, and rather red at the elbows, there will be about her a suggestion of personal beauty and a mingled aroma of virtue and scap-suds.

ST. GEORGES, HANOVER SQUARE.

She pass'd up the aisie on the arm of her sire, A delicate lady in bridal attire, Fair emblem of virgin simplicity; Half London was there, and, my word, there were

few
That stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
But envied Lord Nigol's felicity.

Beautiful Bride!—So meek in thy splendor.
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
Departing you leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy hower, unsought,
And may Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought, Prove worthy thy worship, -confound him! FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE ENEMIES OF BOOKS.

From The Pail Mall Gazette. From The Pall Mall Gazette.

One of the most determined focs of books is the bookworm—the insect, not the student. Mr. Blades was anxious to collect a few bookworms to exhibit at the Caxton celebration; but he might as well have tried to display a few chosts in a glass case. As in the matter of ghosts, Mr. Blades could find no witness who had actually seen a bookworm. Their works are manifest to all, and the neat round holes they drill from cover to cover of a volume are absolutely irreparable. Mentzelius maintained that he had heard the bookworn carol to its mate; but Mentzelius has been dead these many years, and he may have been the victim of some hallucination. All apparations, it is an axiom of science, are hallucinations, and why not all bookworms? The bookworm according to Mentzelius, carries a grey crost, and tions, and why not all bookworms? The bookworm, according to Mentzelius, carries a grey crost, and when it calls its mate it claps its wings with a lond rattle. If this be true the term "worm" seems a misnomer. The way to annoy and discomfit bookworms is to anoint the wooden covers of old books with clive oil tintned with arsenic. A few onnecs of terebinthine in the paste used in bookbinding will compel the bookworms, who live mainty on this paste, to seek a subthe paste used in bookbinding will compel the book-worms, who live mainly on this paste, to seek a subsistence elsewhere. When the great Vilioison (who discovered the Vene us A. MS. of the Hiad) travelled in the East, he found that bookworms were the scourge of the Levant. The libraries at Scios, Naxos, Salonica and Constantinople were falling into dust before the ravages of legions of bookworms. Constant use of books and frequent cleaning of them are the great preservatives against this pest of the library.

Next to bookworms, which attack a book in detail, and fire, which has consumed so many libraries,

tail, and fire, which has consumed so many libraries, gas is one of the greatest foes of literature. Mr. Biades found that in his own study three jets of gas g one foot unclothed. Clearly she should wash
for men amputated after battle, and going
on one leg, or for one armed men needing only
powder like soulf. The paper does not suffer, but powder like soulf. The paper does not suffer, but constant rebinding is not only inconvenient and expensive, but it destroys the beauty of a book. Binders are among the worst foes of books. They cannot leave off cutting down margins till they have snipped into the actual text. They hate fly-leaves, and are the sworn enemies of title-pages. Hardly any care will prevent them from lettering ungrammatical titles—as Homerus Operum outside the Bind—on the backs of the books. One of the oldest MSS, of the New Testament in the British Museum has been "cut down" by the book binder. Servants are also great enemies of books, and especially of the MS. of books still unborn. With these it is their joy to light the free. of books, and especially of the MS. of books still unborn. With these it is their joy to light the fire As to books already in existence, printed and boarded servants prefer to lose and mislay them. This they do when "tidying," when the master is absent They separate all the volumes of a work in the bookshelves, turning some tomes upside down, and hiding others in drawers, which, when opened, tear the book. They also burn all fragments of books and magazines which you have stored away with the purpose of binding them. Children tear, besideber, scribble binding them. Children fear, besiobber, scribble over, and paint books in a very free and engaging style. Friends borrow books, and thus may be style. Friends borrow books, and thus may be called less the enemies of books than the enemies of books may be reckoned people who have swallowed them. Of these a list was lately published in Le Livre. Ezekial (chapter iii, 1-3) is the earliest and most notorious example of a book eater. The Tartars, who (according to Bus bequius) cat books in order that they may "in eater. The Tartars, who (according to Busbequius) cat books in order that they may "in-wardly digest" and master their contents, cannot be called the friends of literature. When Urban V was young the Duke of Milan made him eat an apostolic letter of Pope Innocent IV. So says Fulgosius: "he made him swallow the Pope's letter which he carried—a thing undoabtedly most proud and insolent." The author of "Dania ad exteros deperfidits Succorum" (1643, quarto) was given the choice of being decapitated or of eating his own book. He chose the latter, in soop, Isaac Volmar was compelled by one of the Dukes of Saxony to eat his own libels. Fish have eaten books, and, in 1662, fragments of a work by John Fryth were found in the stomach of a chub. A certain tribe in Central Asia once possessed a sacred book, but a cow ate it. The poil-book, after an Irish election, "Iell into the broth, and it was eaten by a dog"—or so witnesses declared to a Parliamentary Commission. Process-servers in Ireland have devoured a good deal of manuscript; but processes voured a good deal of manuscript; but processes can scattely be called literature. Nelson once threatened to make a French Admiral cat his own dispatches; but he never had the luck to eatch this falsifier of history.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S COLLAR.

From The London Globe.

It is amusing to find a leading French newspaper pointely patronising the Princess of Wales. The Figure gravely exciains to its readers how most the fastions of past times were due to the anxiety of some reigning beauty either to conceal a blemish of to display a charm. La belle Ferronniere had the misfortune to burn her forchead. The accident left an awk ward sear which the famous beauty craftily covered with a gem, and from that time all the ladies of the French Court—who were not ugly and venomous—were precious lewels in their brows. Anne of Austria had lovely arms; but small is the

Anne of Austria had lovely arms; but small is the worth of beauty from the sight retired. The Queen shortened her sleeves to show her arms, and all the artists of the day had to paint wrists and elbows as well as hands and faces.

Madame de Fompadour was little, and so she thought it best to wear high heels—indeed Louis XIV, was of the same equition, and for the same reason, so that when he died we read that his insignificant stature astonished his courtiers and gave a very literal illustration of the motto, Mors sola fatetur quantula vant hominum corpuscula. But Madame de Pompadour, as well as being a short gave a very literal indistance of the sola fatetur quantula must hominum corpuscula. But Madame de Pompadour, as well as being a short woman was also a great invalid, and so she introduced those beautiful dressing gowns knotted with lace and ribbon which soon were worn at every court in Europe. Poor Maris Antoinette, in her auxiety to display her lovely blonde cherulure, piled her flaxen locks upon a cushion and wore the crown of France soveral inches above her head, while the Empress Josephine, "to exhibit her figure, at once Greek and Creole," invented cachemire and brought its use into fashion. Thus, at last, we come to our own times and our own Princess; but come to our own times and our own Princess; but lest the transition might seem too audacious the thoughtful journalist introduces it by a guarded sentence. The sceptre of fashion—he says—has fallen into her hands; since there are no more sovereigns in France. And then at last we learn

the new fashion. She wears on her swanlike neck ruckes of lace, and velvet collars ornamented with silver carvings.

HOW SIR WILLIAM NAPIER KEPT HIS WORD.

One bright summer's day, as Sir William Napier was taking a long, queet country walk, he met a little girl in great trouble. Poor little thing! she was sobbing and crying bitterly over the fragments of a broken how! scattered about the road, and kindly Sir William stopped at once to question and console her. "It's—it's the best yellow basin; I took father his broth in in it, and—and I—I tumbled over a stone, and it is broken all to bits. Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do?" she moaned, wiping a little greasy pinafere over her tearful eyes, as she shook her curly head sadly and disconsolately at the fragments. "Well, well, don't cry, httle maid; mother won't say anything when you tell her how it happened," "Oh, but she will, she's always so cross if anything is broken. You don't think you comid mend it for me somehow, sir—do you'f" she added, eagerly, as he stooped to look at the remains scattered here and there. "Not exactly that, but I think I have seen basins like this one for sixpence, so if I give you sixpence you can go and buy one, and then mother will not be cross, surely."

She immeed up, clapping her hands, and thanking From Little Folks. and then mother will not be cross, surely,"

She jumped up, clapping her hands, and thanking him delightedly as he opened his purse; but alas it was empty! The bright eyes filled again, until kind Sir William told her that he would meet her at the same place to-morrow, and bring the sixpence. "Tell your mother all about it, and ask her pence. Tell your mother an about it, and ask not to scold you, for hat she shall have the new basin to-morrow. Don't be afraid; I promise to be here, my little maid, at one o'clock, so make yourself happy." So with a smiling nod at the now comforted child, he went his way. On his arrival at home he found an invitation to a party at Bath, to meet some clever men he had long wished to see, and at once sat down to write an acceptance, when suddenly it ocurred to him that if he went to Bath he could not be in time to meet the poor child, who had trusted in his promise, and would be waiting in the lane. He had no one whom he could well send

the lane. He had no one whom he could well send in his place, and so his answer was that he must de cline the dinner, as he had a previous engagement. "I cannot disappoint the child; she trusted mo," was this true gentleman's thought.

HENRI MARTIN, THE ANTIQUARIAN.

From The Pall Mall Gazette. The sad news comes from Lisbon that M. Henri Martin, who was invited there by the Portuguese Government for the Camocus fetes, is suffering from a sunstroke. M. Henri Martin is one of the most learned antiquarians of his time. Great as his intellectual value is, it is surpossed by his moral worth. He has preserved through the political turnoils in which his lot was early cast a guilelessness which seldom outlives childhood, and warm enthusiasm for all that strikes him as good, beautiful and noble. His warm and lined manner imparts a rare charm to his conversation. The face of the old man brightens, the blood comes to his fresh cheeks, his soul comes to his eyes, and the ideas cropping up in his brain are expressed with facile elegance and strength. In speaking he is graphic and eloquent. The face of a triend in community of views and sympathy with him has the effect of steel on flint. M. Henri Martin chatting at the fireside is more interesting than his works, in writing The sad news comes from Lisbon that M. Henry

side is more interesting than his works, in writing which he kept down his imagination, placing instinctive preferences under the control of a severe indement. The chapters in his history in which his heart runs away with his pen are the best

of any.

M. Henri Martin is tall and awkwardly built. He wears losse and heavy boots, convenient for long walks, but not elegant, and cotton gloves a world too wide and long for a hand quite in proportion to his body. As ne lives in a distant end of Passy, where he bought a small villa some years ago, and as he dines often with friends in town, he starts off as he dines often with friends in town, he staris off in the morning to the Senate, the National Library, to his tooksellers', or to the office of the Sicele, with which he has been connected for upwards of thirry years, in evening dress. The swallow-tailed coat is buttoned across his chest, and he generally forgets to unbutton it when he arrives at the house where he is to dine. I never knew him, however severe the weather, to wear a surtout. His only precantion against winter cold is to slip on india-rubber goloshes and to twist a weollen comforter round his neck. The smile of the honest, intelligent, rosy face above the fleecy wool is pleasant as sunshine playing upon snow. Ary Scheifer let it pass. His portrait of Henri Martin does not bring out what is annable, picturesque, and sui generis in the countenance of the man-This portrait is remarkable as a work of art, but it is not a good likeness.

FATHER PROUT IN PARIS.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Father Prout in Rome got into trouble with the Ecclesiastical Government. When he came to live in Paris he hired a dark ground floor in Rou du Moulin, a street since demolished. He had three chambers and kept no servant. Culinary utensils were littered on the floor of his sitting-room, which served as a kitchen. Nothing seemed to have been ever cleaned. The reason the tenant of this lodging gave for the disorder in which plates, dishes, knives, forks and saucepans lay was that his tables were occupied with his books and papers. And so they were. The general aspect of the place was that of an old iron and paper shop. Prout was not conscious of the unsightly untidiness which reigned about him. When he was in the Rie du Moulin he forswere at home the whiskey bottle, and drank in moderation when he went out to dine with convivial friends. During this place of his life Prout was not a Roman Catholic, but he had superstitious nooks in his brain into which he was unable From The Pall Mall Gazette. Prout was not a Koman Catholic, but he had superstitious nooks in his brain into which he was unable to admit light. He was then rather venerable looking, with a white face, and grave, sweet manners. With strangers he was shy and did not come out, but when he took to anyone his conversation was flowing and graceful. The wit was a little sly. It did not dazzle. When he made a joke or a pungent remark, it was for the ear of the person suting next him. I have mentioned the superstitious nooks in his brain. He would not, on any account, accept an invitation to dinner on "All Souls' Day." It he met a funeral he turned back a few steps, and would steop to pick up a rusty bit of iron that he saw in the street and carry it home. He was afraid to begin a work he had to get through on Friday, believed in dreams, and for a long time wished to believe in table-turning and spiritrapping. By habit and instinct he was a supernaturalist. His literary occupations and reading, which were purely literary, did not change his bout, which was to hanker after what Mr. Crowe

rapping. By habit and instinct he was a supernaturalist. His literary occupations and reading, which were purely literary, did not change his bent, which was to hanker after what Mr. Crowe termed "the night side of nature."

Father Pront was drawn toward spiritualism by a lady of whom he had been a sort of guardian, and whose life was closely associated with his when he was in the Rue du Moulin. She was the daughter of a colonel manned at Waterleo, had been a beauty, and to the last had beaux resies. Pront got her married, and when she was a widow with a comfortable jointure, tried to find her a second husband. She lived in the Terres, and had a house at Mendon, where she was in the habit of spending the summer mouths with him. Every evening, when she was at the Ternes, he used, unless particularly engaged, to go and dine and pass the evening with her. If the weather was fine they both adjourned to a summer-house, where this lady mixed grog for her venerable friend, and then got before a little table which the spirits were supposed to prefer to any other in her dwelling. She was at this time veryhandsome, and used to light Prent "for his good." She would have been as miserable without his society as he would have been without hers. He was, as she said, one of her "eldest habits"; and really she stood to him in the relation habits." without his society as he would have been without hers. He was, as she said, one of her "oldest habits"; and really she stood to him in the relation of a sort of guardian angel. About eighteen months before he died he was ordered to go to Vichy. The doctor was peremptory. Father Prout was very penurions, and did not like to follow so costly a prescription. The fair friend tried fighting, and I heard her relate what battles she had had with him to get him off. He pleaded his hatred of railway traveling. It was finally arranged that he and she were to go all the way in a carriage, and she promised that he should have some of his old culinary utensits stowed in a basket in order that he should be able in hotels to do in his own room a little cooking on stowed in a backet in order that he should be able in hotels to do in his own room a little cooking on the siy. One of the dishes he was in the habit of preparing for himself was outment porridge. After she had made arrangements for the journey to Vichy Father Prout told her that he had lost £40, and could not afford to go. He was in the habit of hiding money in boots and other places where the concierge, whom he suspected of entering his rooms when he was out, would not think of looking for it. In his latter days he used to forget the hiding places, and to be in great distress of mind, thinking he must have lost what he could not find. Relations from tream came over to attend Father Relations from Ireland came over to attend Father Prout in his last illness, and I heard that it was they who sent for the Abbe Regerson; the lady of whom he had been the guardian was not then with

Father Prout used to look up daily some corre spondents of English journals introduced to him by Thackeray in the cales they frequented. He liked their society, and he wanted, by reading their papers, to spare himself the expense of buying journals. At the table of one of them he scinetimes wrote his Globe letter. The hand was firm and wrote his Globe letter. The hand was firm and legible, and the orthography faulty. Prout had not the memory of the eye. If a word was spelt in his hearing, he remembered the spelling, but he did not always distinctly recollect that of words he had only read. He used to console nimself with the reflection that it was not his business, but the proof-reader's, to spell well.

Dresses in the sixteenth century were costly Dresses in the sixteenth century were costly articles, rich in gold embroidery and valuable material, as the relics that have come down to us still show. Much art was expended on embroidery and delicate needlework, in which the skill of the worker was generally in advance of the taste of the designer. Queen Elizabeth possessed a dress embroidered in a pattern of eyes and ears, and a yet more uncomfortable garment was manufactured at a little later date, viz., a robe worked in cycletholes, with the needle with which each hole was worked hanging to it by a thread. The weater of this garment must have sacrificed much comfort to holes, with the needle with which each hole was worked hanging to it by a thread. The wearer of this garment must have sacrificed much comfort to be in the fashion! HOME INTERESTS.

THE GAME AND POULTRY MARKET. CANVAS-BACK DUCK AND HOW TO COOK THEM-A GREAT ABUNDANCE OF FISH-WEST INDIAN PRESERVES-SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MAR-KETS.

The game season has filled up the poulterer's stalls in the markets, and the delights of partridge, snipe and duck almost compensate for the departure of the summer fruits. Canvas-back and red-head ducks are plentiful, and the prices are not to be dreaded. A fine pair of canvas-back ducks can be had for \$2 50 or \$3. The red-heads are less expensive, and to non-epicurean appetites they are quite as good as the favorite canvas-back-from \$1 to \$1 25 per pair were the prices asked for red-beads in Washington Market Saturday. There is an old-fashioned notion, which many housekeepers still cling to, that all game should be thoroughly cooked-a miserable mistake groaned over by many a poor man who knows better. There is no objection to stuffing and roasting a tame duck for hours if it so pleases the cook. They are good for nothing anyhow in the judgment of many experts. But the wild duck should be served without stuffing and rare, taking trouble to observe the distinction between raw and rare-a vast difference, too little heeded by the average cook. One taste of preperly cooked rare canvas-back duck would be enough to convince the most prejudiced person, if at all fond convince the most prejudiced person, if at all fond of game, that it is the only way to eat that delectable bird. Mallard ducks are worth from 50 cents to \$1 per pair; teal from 50 to 60 cents, and common are 75 cents to \$1 per pair; grouss are worth \$1 40 to \$1 50 per pair; woodcock, 90 cents to \$1; English snipe, \$2 50 to \$3 per dozen; plover, \$2 50, and yellow-legged snipe from \$2 50 to \$3.

The finest Philadelphia dry picked chickens are selling from 20 to 23 cents per pound; common scalded chickens from 16 to 18 cents; flows from 14 to 15 cents; turkeys 15 to 20 cents; ducks 18 to 20 cents; geese 16 to 18 cents per pound.

The prices asked for meats remain much the same, a small difference being always maintained between

The prices asked for meats remain much the same, a small difference being always maintained between the down-town and up-town rates. Pork bids fair to be a luxury this winter, the price asked by some up-town dealers for salt pork being at present 15 cents per pound; city cured hams down town bring from 12 to 14 cents per pound—up town, 17 cents;

from 12 to 14 cents per pound—up town, 17 cents; leaf tard sells from 11 to 14 cents per pound; bacon from 13 to 16 cents.

In the dry goceries on Vesey-st, granulated sugar is 10 cents per pound; cut leaf sugar, 1034 cents; crushed lump sugar 1034 cents; molasses, from 45 to 70 cents per gallon; Colong ica, from 30 to 80 cents; per pound; English breakfast, from 30 to 90 cents; Japan, 30 to 80 cents; young hyson, from 35 cents to \$1 per pound; gunpowder. 80 cents to \$1; imperial green, 30 to 80 cents; cocoa and chocelate, are selling from 40 to 60 cents per pound; caffees sell from 30 to 40 cents, Fine premaind; caffees sell from 30 to 40 cents, per pound; caffees sell from 30 to 40 cents, per pound; and the demand is increasing as ordinary pound, and the demand is increasing as ordinary packed butter grows poorer. Eggs seil for 40 cents, for good fresh Long Island eggs; packed eggs are 25 cents per dozen. Domestic cheese is selling from 16 to 18 cents per pound.

The truit dealers say that the demand for West

from 16 to 18 cents per pound.

The trint dealers say that the demand for West Indian preserves—cocoa, plum and other tropical fruits—increases daily as their virtues become more generally known. The average price per jar, for these importations is 40 cents. The California grapes, flaming tokey, muscat and emperor are selling for 30 cents per bound. California pears, 75 cents per dozen; albigator pears \$3 per dozen; banannas from 40 to 50 cents per dozen; plantains, 75 cents; sugar cane 10 cents per stick.

The fish supply is still abundant both as to quantity and variety. Bass is plentiful and much cheaper than it has been for months. Quantities have been caught during the past two weeks, in the East River and all points near us; the fish are remarkably large and very firm, selling from 15 to 20 cents per pound; smelts from Maine, are selling at 20 cents per pound; smelts from Maine, are selling at a 20 cents per pound; smelts from Maine, are selling and fine, from Block Island, are selling from 12 to 15 cents per pound; half per supply and fine, from Block Island, are selling from 12 to 15 cents; per pound; halfur, 16 cents; terrapin, \$12 to \$30 per dozen; green turtle from 12 to 15 cents per pound; halbur, 16 cents, was selling Saturday a week ago for 18 cents; haddock, 6 cents; kingfish, 25 cents; codfish, 8 cents, beginning to be more plentiful; blackfish, 124 cents; flounders, 8 to 10 cents; porgies, 10 cents; see bass, 15 cents; scollons, \$1 50 per dozen; soft claims, 40 to 60 cents per hundred; salmon front, and whitefish are 15 cents per pound; pompano, 75 cents; hard crabs, \$2 50 per hundred. Smoked salmon and macherei are 20 cents per pound; smelked haddock, 124 cents; carylish, \$3; per hundred; frogs, 35 cents per pound.

Green corn is still in market at 15 cents per dozen;

pound; smoked haddock, 12½ cents; craylish, \$3; per hundred; frogs, 35 cents per pound.

Green corn is still in market at 15 cents per dozen; string beans are 50 cents per half peck; sweet potatoes from 40 to 50 cents per peck; common potatoes from 25 to 35 cents per peck; ontons, 50 cents; cabbage from 5 to 8 cents per head; turnips, 20 cents per peck; bects, 4 cents per bunch; pumpkins, 5 to 10 cents aprece; calcut, 15 cents per bunch; oyster plant, 10 cents; cranberries very plentiful, and extra fine 8 cents per quart; lettuce, from 3 to 5 cents per head; candidower, 25 to 40 cents aprece.

MENU. MENU.

Raw Oysters. Beited fish. Sauce piquante. Nudels. Veni cutiet with garnish of fried parsnips. Mashed Potaises.
Braised partridges, purfecol spinach. Current jeily.
Salad. Celery Mayonnaise. Balad. Celery Mayon.

Choose Omelette.
Creme pistache.
Apples, pears and grapes.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

OIGNOUS GLACES .- Trim some small onions, such soon as they begin to color moisten with a litt stock, add salt, and let them stew gently till we

colored. The pan must be shaken how and then, but carefully, lest the onions break.

PURKE DE FOIS VIETS.—Boil one pint of green peas in water, with salt, a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley, and a few leaves of mint. When cooked, drain off the water, and pass them through a hair sieve. Mosslen the purce to a proper consistency

drain off the water, and pass them through a hair sieve. Mosten the puree to a proper consistency with some good stock, perfectly free from fat; work it well in a saucepan on the fire with a piece of fresh butter, with which a small quantity of flour has been amalgamated.

Baked Mushinooms,—Take medium-sized mushrooms, unree the stalks finely after having washed and dried them well. Fry in plenty of butter a couple of shallots, also finely mmeed, add a table-spoonful of flour, mix and put in the mineed stalks, with pepper, salt, and mineed paisley; stir well on the fire for a lew minutes, moistening with a little stock. Fill the hollow part of each mushroom with the mixture, lay them in a buttered tin, sprinkle baked bread crumbs over, and put them into the oven for a quarter of an hour. oven for a quarter of an hour.

BRAIZED PARTRIDGE.-Truss two birds as for boilng, and lard their breasts very finely with fat bacon, put them into a small braizing pan over a taste, a cupful of stock and one of white wine; place a buttered paper over all and braize them gently for two hours, keeping a few hot embers on the hd of the pan. Serve with their own liquor, strained and well freed from fat, or with truffle succe.

Magnome ron tak, or with traine sacce.

Magnome ron Garnish,—Take equal quantities of carrots and of turnips cut with a vegetable scoop to the shape of olives or fluted clives, of French beans cut across stantwise in the shape of lozenges, of peas, of fresh haricot beans, and of asparagus points cut up to the size of peas; boil each vegetable separately in salted water, with the addition of a little sugar in the case of carrots, turnips and pens. Do not boil them too much, drain them well of the water, mix them all together, and then they are ready. Cut some carrots, some furnips in the shape of small orange quarters, some French beans in lozenges, pick out part of a cauliflower into very small sprigs all of a size; take equal quantities of each, as well as of fresh harnot beans and of peas. Boil them all separately, and serve them in distinct heaps round the dish, Take small picking onions and carrots, turnips and potatoes, cut to the same size and shape as the onions; boil them all separately, and when done and well drained toss them in a saucepan with plenty of butter, keeping them hot till wanted. MACKDOINE FOR GARNISH.-Take equal quantities onions; boil them all separately, and when done and well drained toss them in a saucepan with plenty of butter, keeping them hot till wanted. It is by no means necessary to have all the vegetables mentioned at one time, but three at least must be used to constitute a macedoine; and, on the other hand, artichoke bottoms. Jerusahem artichokes cut in suitable shapes, and haricot beans, Brussels sprouts may be used also; it goes without saying that dried baricot beans and tresh haricot beans should not form part of the same macedoine or jardiniero, as it is called by some. These vegetables are either heaped around a piece or pieces of meat, or the meat is placed around a piece of pistachical contents.

CREME PISTACHE.—Take 4 onnees of pistachio nuts, I pint of mik, 3 ounces of powdered sugar. Blanch and peel the nuts, then pound them in a mortar with a little lemon peel, and strain through a hair seve. Then add the milk and sugar previously beaten up with the yolks of two eggs. Boil all together over a moderate fire, constantly sturing till. gether over a moderate fire. constantly stirring till the cream thickens. Put in a mould and serve very

To CAN QUINCES, Cut the quinces into this dices like apples for pies. To one-quart in full of slices like apples for pies. To one-quartiar full of quince take a coffee saucer and a half of sugar and a coffee cup of water. Put the sugar and water on a cone cup of water. Fut the sugar and water on the fire and when boiling put in the quinces. Have ready the jars with their fastenings. Stand the jars in a pan of boiling water on the stove and when the quince is clear and tender put rapidly into the jars, truit and syrup together. The jars must be filled so that the syrup overflows, and fastened up tight as quickly as possible.

puickly as possible.

HOMI-MADE VERMICELLI, [GERMAN "NGDEL."]—

flour and a pinch of salt to roll out as for cookies. Let it dry on the moulding board for an hour or so and then cut with a share pointed knife into thin strips. This makes a delicious side dish if cooked like Spagketi with a tomato sance and Parmesan cheese. It can be cut up into any shape to sait the frace. For soup boil about ten minutes in the broth. Boil about ten minutes in salted water, and drain and pour over the cheese, tomato sauce and bufter.

A FRENCH BREAKFAST.

From The London Globe.

Of all the delightful pages of Brillat-Savarin, none are more delightful than those in which he recounts the breakfast he gave to his relations, two old gentlemen, one a doctor, the other a captain, of the respective ages of seventy-eight and seventy-six. The hour appointed was 10 o'clock. The old gentlemen arrived punctually, and smited when they saw the table laid with snow-white intent for three. Two dezen oysters were beforeach guest, accompanied by a lemon, show and goiden; and aleach end of the table a bottle of Santerne carefully wiped.

"Alas!" says the host by way of parenthesis, "I have seen the last, or nearly so, of those oyster breakfasts, formerly so frequent and so gay, when one used to swallow them by thousands. They disappeared with the abbes who never left off." The oysters were followed by kidneys ala brochette, a pate de foic gras, and finally by a fondue which the host made hossiff on the table before his gausis. Fruits of the season and sweetmeats followed, and then coffee and I quents. Surely there is elegance and simplicity here, and it is as good a specimen of what a French breakfast ought to be as can be and simplicity here, and it is as good a sof what a French breakfast ought to be as

HOW ENGLAND IS FED.

From The London Telegraph.

It is not stated whether Christmas plum-puddings make an appearance among the exhibits at Islanction; but it is well known that there are in the United States, especially in Penusylvania and New-Jersey, plenty of plum-paddings for exportation to the English market. We are growing every year more and more dependent upon the Americans for oysters, and while our own "natives" continue to be extravagantly dear, and Mr. Frank Buckland is unable to hold out any lopes of their becoming less costly yet awhile, depots for the sale of the cheaper—but not sufficiently cheap—American bivalves are rapidly increasing in the metropolis, and a vast pro-—but not sufficiently cheap—American bivalves are rapidly increasing in the metropolis, and a vast proportion of what are known as "cooking" oysters are of Transatiantic extraction. Our markets are flooded with American and Continental cheeses, and not only have the Italian Gorgorzola and Strachino, and the French Roquefort and Camembert laturely supersedetiour ancestral Stilton, Cheddar, Double Glomester and North Wittshire, but the adreit dairy farmers of New-York and New-Jersey have of late devoted themselves with immense energy to the faorication enforgery of Continental European cheeses, comprising not only those we have mentioned, but Gruyers, or Bric, Neufchatel, and what was formerly thought the minimable Parimesan. Throughout the early or Brie, Neutriales, and want was religious the minimable Parmesan. Throughout the early spring and summer this year we ate French an Algerian fruits and vegetables almost exclusively The quality at our grand banquets come from Italy and the South of France; and the French farmers wives throughout Picardy, Normandy and the Isle of France are bus by employed just now in fattening gress, turkeys and capous for the English Christmas market.

As for the Dutch, they keep up a fair fight with the Americans in our kitchens in the way of cheese; but our own cheeses are going rapidly to the wall. Our red herrings, on the other hand, continue to be Our red herrings, on the other hand, con that to be well spoken of, but there is no great demand for Yarmouth bleaters out of England; and even a home the kippered herring has to wage fierce was to hold its own against smoked salmon from Holland and the Guif of Bothma, dried sprats from the land and the Guif of Bothma, dried sprats from the North Sea, pickled anchovies from Sierly, dried codsounds from Newfoundland, pickled tunny from the Mediterranean, and caviar from the Volga. "Royal hams" from Chicago are pittlessly shouldering our native Yorks; and the primest of our breakfast bacon comes no more exclusively from Wiltshire. Many intelligent Frenchmen have, for a long time past, been making huge fortunes by supplying us with eggs and carekens; and, as for the most year, we are we know not whether it comes from neat we call, we know not whether it comes from our own provinces, from Holiand, from Scotland, from Nebraska or from Texas.

A MEXICAN MARKET.

Correspondence of The Alta-California.

Correspondence of The Alta-California.

The market furnishes an abundance of eggs, chickens, cheese and milk. Fish can most always be had, being brought from the Santiago River, twenty miles distant. In my next I will write in respect to this river. A nice chicken can be being to a real and a medio (18% cents), and a dezen of eggs for the same. The cheese mostly used is called panda, and comes in the form of small cakes, is white and soft, and eaten when freshly made. Milk is brought into town on the backs of animals, and is plenty and cheap. There is a belief that it is daugerous to drink it in any quantity and clear; that, if a glass of it be drank, and the person becomes excited or angry, the chemical affinities of the milk and blood are such that a poison is produced that creates immediate death. Flour sells for 12 cents per poind. The amount used is considerable, notwithstanding that tortillas, or corn cakes, are a necessity in every family. The bread and endes are all furnished by the bake. The bread is made in the form of rolls, which are sold at death each. and cakes are all furnished by the baker. The bread is made in the form of rolls, which are sold at 4 cents each. Of the sweet bread, there is a great variety, and each family, in purchasing, precures the assortment. It is made into small cakes of different shapes, and sold at from 1 to 3 cents

The entire ignorance of the value and use of stoves of course necessitates a simplicity in the art of cooking, and the exceilence of the production of the cocinera is very remarkable, when this is considered. There is not a stove in use in Tepic. The original, antique furnace, that has been in use from the time of the Spaniards, is still cherished as superior to any modern innovation. It is simply of brick, of convenient height, with an opening on top to contain charcoal, which is the only fuel used, and on top of which the cooking utensil is placed. An opening underneath furnishes draft. All the cooking utensils are made by the Indians from clay. They are all placed; some ornamented with colors, and are cheap but frail. They are of all sizes, from a spoonfull up to ten gallons. They are brought into the towns on the backs of Indians and donkeys, a spoonfull up to ten gallons. They are brought into the towns on the backs of Indians and donkeys, packed in crates, and are offered for sale about the Flaza on Sanday. This is an important industry, as all families must use more or less, and the constant breakage creating a continual demand.

THE COMBATIVE CLAM.

From The Leisure Hour.

In diving for clams (as in octoons diving) it is usual to provide onesell with a sharp-pointed stake or an iron rod. At Aitniah, when the fide is out, clams are picked un everywhere on the reef. At Mauke men dive for them on the ocean sate of the narrow fringing reef when the sea is smooth. On reaching the bottom the diver stabs the engine eaching the bottom the diver stabs the gapin clam, which-for the molinsk is very to account of life-at once firmly grasps th nacions of lite-at once himing grasps the weapon. The diver now tugs with both hands until the clam is dis-lodged. A couple of expert natives with a canoe will get as many as a hundred in a day when a feast is in preparation. At Manihiki and Rakaanga the

will get as many as a hundred in a day when a feast is in preparation. At Manbiki and Rakaanga the largest claims are about two spans in length, the animal itself being sufficiently large to satisfy the hunger of three persons. Claim-diving is woman's work in those atolls. Yet it is surprising how few accidents occur. The reason for this may be they dive in comparatively shallow water.

Not long since a native was feeling about at the bottom of the lagoon of one of the Paumoth atolls for the dark-edged pearl oyster, when he informately inserted the lingers of his left hand between the valves of a claim. The diver was instantly made prisoner by the mollusk. His agony was intense. Was it possible to get free? As the claim was in a hollow just adapted to its size, he could not sever the byssus. At length, in sheer terror of drowning, he cut off his four fingers with the kinfe pearl divers carry with them, and rose to the surface a sadder if not a wiser men. A similar accident took place at Penrhyns; but the diver, instead of maining himself for life, forced his kinfe between the valves, and released himself. Should the claim be attached to a smooth bit of coral, the speed-est mode of rescue is to sever the bundle of siky filaments by which it moors itself. On a neighbor-coral land on the could be done the foregiver of clam be attached to a smooth bit of coral, the speedlest mode of rescue is to sever the bundle of sliky filaments by which it moors itself. On a neighboring island, ere this could be done, the forefinger of the right hand of a clam diver was lopped off. Brought ashore in baskets, they live for some time. Children in their play are apt to put their fingers between the open valves, and so get caught. Their screams soon bring their parents to the rescue, which is effected by stabbing the clam through the cavity for the byssus. The supply of clams in the Pacific is inexhaustible. If a party of divers should remove all the large ones from any particular locality for a grand feast, and should return next year to the same spot, no difference would be perceived, so rapid is the growth of the clam in these warm waters. Pearls of a peculiarly brilliant hue warm waters. Pearls of a peculiarly brilliant has are occasionally found in the clam.

> GIVING A FLAVOR TO MEAT. From Land and Water

The following amusing story told me by the late gransley Cooper, was afterward published in the The following amusing story told me by the late Bransley Cooper, was afterward published in the life of his distinguished mnele. Sir Astley Cooper, It is stated that upon one occasion of the Athlete Club meeting at Mr. Coleman's, at the Voterinary College, he promised Mr. Norris, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, who was a great gourmand, that he would give him a joint of beef from Markham's, and ordered a fine sirioin to be sent to him on the appointed day. The party met, the promised beef soon made its appearance. The host cut for his friend Norris one of the primest slices, and soon, in exultation, inquired if it were not to his heart's content. To this Mr. Norris replied, "The beef is good beef, but it is not my friend Mark-

his heart's content. To this Mr. Norris replied, "The beef is good beef, but it is not my friend Markham's." "Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Coleman; "Pil swear it is, Norris, for I called myself at his shop and ordered it, and this morning had it delivered at my house by his own man; but I may be wrong.

Norris; however, to decide the matter, if you please.
I'll lay you a bet of a dinner for the party that it i'm
Markham's beef."

North's; however, to declare in matter, it you please. I'll lay you a bet of a dinner for the party that it I Markham's beef."

The butcher was sent for. Coleman put the question; "Mr. Markham, all I have to ask you is, at the beef your man left here this morning your own meat?" "No, sir," said he, "it was not. I have to make a thousand apologies; for although you you seif gave me the order ten days ago I never thought of it till I looked in my book this morning, when I knew I had nothing in my shop that would answe your purpose. I therefore myself went to every butcher in the market and picked out the finest piece I could find, and I hoped it would p ove attactory; but the beef was not mine." Norris laughed heartily at the successful display of his gastronome faculties, and the whole party joined in the fin against Coleman, who was generally so saracious in his bets as to make it quite a novelty when he lot. The secret is this: Markham was in the habit of buying stock much older than butchers usually buy for certain of his most particular customers and after ward teeding it himself in some peculiar manner before bringing it to the shaughter-house. So supering to that of any man of his day was his beef coused cred, that many persons, of whom Mr. Norris was one, would pay the most excribitant prices for meat to be supplied by him. Mr. Norris was the grand, lather of Lord Penzance and several of the Wilde family. family.

MR. FRANCIS HAYES'S GOOD LUCK.

From The Boston Post.

Mr. Hayes's library occupies the front of the second story. On the way thither one notices of the way thither one notices of the way thither one notices of the wall of the hall and the handsome starway the portraits of Sir William Phippis, Governor Caleb Strong, by Stuart, and of the family of Sir William Peppereil. The two Peppereil portraits Mr. Hayes found in use as fire-hoards in a Maine formhouse. He was struck with their artistic appearance, and asked the farmer what he would sell them for. The latter protested that they were worthless. Mr. Hayes insisted on paying for them, and finally the farmer said he might have them if he would give him a barrel of cider. On cleaning them up Mr. Hayes found them to be excellent portraits.

In a window niche is a characteristic Teniers, the From The Boston Post

him a barrel of cider. On cleaning them up Mr. Hayes four d them to be excellent portraits.

In a window niche is a characteristic Tealers, the head of an old peasant. a panel or cabinet sizemost likely a study for one of his pictures. This work was obtained by Mr. Hayes when he was in Washington, just after the close of the civil war, at a time when books, pectures and other valuable articles were coming in from the South in great quantities to be old. In a picture store he came across this work, which is painted on copper. He gianced at it and, concluding to take it, inquired its price of the dealer. He was told that it was a valuable painting by Bole, his intimals were in the corner; price \$5. This sum he promptly paid. He then examined it carefully and began to rub the surface gentily. "Lee careful, sir, or you will rum the pleture," called the dealer, who was watching anyously. "Well, the picture is mine and I can do as I please with it, I suppose," said Mr. Hayes. He continued rubbing and air. Bole's initials disappeared. At the same moment the desire snatches the pleture from his hand in great excitement, crying; "Do you know what you have got?" pointing to the monogram "D. T.;" "this is a picture by David Tenleys; your bil, sir, for other pictures you have purphased is \$50.90; if you will return the nices. Teniers; your bill, sir, for other picture by have purchased is \$690: if you will return the picture will receipt the bill." But Mr. Hayes, having bought the picture, was not tempted by this offer.

AN UNCANNY ADVENTURE.

From Galianani.
The singularities which marked the existence of The singularities which marked the existence of Schopenhauer did not cease on his death-bed. He expired on the 21st of September, ISGO, and two persons were appointed by his medical attendants watch the body until the fameral. They agreed perform their task by turns, and one of them we made been barber of the deceased sat down the first night to watch at the foot of the bed, while his companion took some rest on a sofa. The meon was siming brightly through the windows of the room, which was on the ground floor. The time and the circumstances rather awed the poor Figaro, who was of a timid and superstitious nature, and while his companion was shoring on his couch he was absorbed in fearful considerations on the immortality of the soal. Suddenly the clock on the wall struck the ghostly hour of midnight, and the last stroke was followed by a sharp sound from the bed; the head moved, and then came a noise of something failing on the ground. Braver men than the barber would have been dismayed. No illusion was possible. The head of the corpse must have dropped off.

In a moment the barber had opened the window In a moment the barber had opened the window and leaped into the deserted street. His contrade woke up and followed in no less haste. Both were pale as death. But after some reflection they because to comprehend the gravity of the situation. What would be said the next morning if they were not at their posts? Mutually encouraging each other, they decaded on returning and clearing up the mystery. Two tapers were burning in the room, and at one of these they lighted a candle and approached the bed, and their surprise was great when on looking on the ground, they saw, not the head of Schopenhauer, but a set of teeth. The philosopher, who was seventy-two years of ago, had worn files teeth. The spring of them had caused them to become detached from his mouth, and then to fall ag come detached from his month, and then to fall ag the ground, causing the terror of the watchers.

AN ENGLISH FARMER OF THEOLDEN TIMES. From "Round about a Great Estate" by Richard Jeffries.

The house was small, for in those days farmers did not look to live in villas, and till within the last few years even the parlor floor was of stone flags. Rushes used to be strewn in the halls of prices in ancient times, and seventy years ago old Jonathan

grew his own carpets.

The softest and best of the bean straw grown of the farm was selected and scattered on the floor of the sitting room as warm and dry to the feet, and that was all the carpet in the house. Just before sheep snearing time, too, Jonathan used to have the nettles cut that flourished round the back of the

sheds, and strewn on the floor of the barn. The netries shrivelled up dry, and the wool did not stek to them, but could be gathered easily. With his own hands he would carry out a quart of beans to the pigs—just a quart at a time and co of beans to the pigs—just a quart at a time and so more, that they might eat every one, and that nose might be wasted. So, too, he would carry them a few acorns in his coat pocket, and watch the reliability with which the swine devoured their favorite feed. He saved every bit of crooked wood that was about the place; for at that date from was expensive, and wood that had grown crooked, and was therefore strong as well as curved, was useful for a hundred purposes. Fastened to a wall, for instance, it did for a hook upon which to hang things. If an apple tree died in the orchard it was cut out to form part tree died in the orchard it was cut out to form part

of a plough and saved till wanted.

Jonathan's hard head withstood even the whirl of the days when corn was at tamine prices. But these careful economies, this continual saving, but more money in his purse than all that sudden put more money in his purse than all that sudden flush of prosperity. Every groat thus saved was as a nail driven into an oak, fixed and stable, becoming firmer as time went on. How strangely different the farmers of to-day, with a score of machines and appliances, with expensive feeding stuffs, with well-furnished villas! Each one of Jonathan's beans in his quart mug, each one of the acords in

beans in his quart mug, each one of the acords in his pocket, became a guines.

Jonathan's hat was made to measure on his own special block by the hatter in Overboro' town, and it was so hard and stout that he could sit upon it without ujury. His top boots always hung near the fireplace, that they might not get monidy; and he rode into market upon his "short-tail horse," as he called his cranial and Africar was nothhe rode into market upon his "short-tail horse," as he called his crop-tail neg. A farmer was nothing thought of unless he wore top boots, which seemed a distinguishing mark, as it were, of the equestrian order of agriculture.

But his shoes were made straight; not as now, one to each foot—a right and a loft—but each exactly alike and he changed his shoes were required.

alike; and be changed his shoes every morning, wearing one on one toot one day and on the other too in particular. Shoes lasted a great length of time in those days, the leather being all tanged with oak bark only, and thoroughly seasoned before it was cut up. There is even a story of a farmer who wore his best shoes every Sunday for seven years

in Sundays—fifty years—and when he died had then buried with him, still far from worn out.

At that date folks had no banking accounts, but kept their coin in a strong chest under the bed, sometimes hiding it in strange places, Jonatian was once visiting a friend, and after they had hobnobbed a while the old fellow took him, with many precautions that they should not be observed into precautions that they should not be observed, into the pigsty, and showed him fifty gumeas hid in the thatch. That was by no means all his property, but the old fellow sail with a wink that he hard to have a little heard of his own that his wife knew

BREAD-MAKING IN THE EAST.

From Orelli's "Through the Holy Land."

On our return an instructive sight awaited 68. We saw how bread was baked in an adjoining building. It was done with arapidity which explains how of old the supply was prepared every day, and now if some quest arrived the housewife could make the necessary provision without delay (Gen. xvni. 6). Among the Fellaheen the dough is not generally leavened. A round hole in the ground, some 1½ feet deep, and the same in diameter, forms the oven. In this lie some live coals, which, as in Hosea's time (Hosea vii, 6), are not allowed to go out at hight, and, when baking has to be done, are again revived. The housewife first forms a lump of dough with her hand, then suddenly spreads it out with an indescribably rapid action of both handswhich can as little be imitated as a conjuror's move ment—into a cake as thu as a leaf, which with a moistened dab or rag she presses into the hot oven where if remains sticking. Lo a number if became From Orelli's " Through the Holy Land."

ment—into a cake as thin as a leaf, which with a moistened dab or rag she presses into the hot oven, where it remains sticking. In a minute it begins to move, and is at once taken out to make room for the following one.

The bread is now ready, not thicker than parchment, not very relishing, and somewhat sandy on the outside, but really very enjoyable for anyone who has a good appetite. Although of the size of a large plate, such a slice contains but little nourishment, and Jeromiah could hardly have been saved from starvation when only one such piece of bread was given him every day.